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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

JOHN MORRIS EVANS

Successor to Jenkin Lloyd Jones as Minister of All Souls Church, Chicago and Director of the Abraham Lincoln Centre

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1919 Number 24

THE POETRY OF EARTH.

"The Poetry of earth is never dead."—Keats.

There is always room for beauty: memory
A myriad lovely blossoms may enclose,
But, whatso'er hath been, there still must be
Room for another rose.

Though skylark, throstle, whitethroat, whip-poor-will,
And nightingale earth's echoing chantries throng,
When comes another singer, there will be
Room for another song.

—*Florence Earle Coates.*

The short editorial paragraphs in Unity will henceforth be unsigned. They will be written, until further notice, or unless stated to the contrary, by "J. H. H."

Was there ever a summer when the wonders of nature—the woods, the mountains, the sea—called to us with a more divine compulsion, to forget the worries and the cares of men, and give ourselves utterly to rest? And was there ever a summer when world events, with all their uncertainty and terror, held us more closely to attention? Wonderful indeed is the man who, in the deepest wilderness, or in the remotest sea, can forego with an easy conscience his morning newspaper! Our bodies and minds may be tired beyond all telling, our capacity for human pity long since exhausted, our inmost cry at one with that of Cowper,

Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where humor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more! My ear is pained,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.

But we are caught, in spite of ourselves, as by some fatal charm. We have been shaken by the war and its aftermath, beyond all ability to flee mankind and leave him to his ill. We ourselves are now universal man! There is no agony or death in any corner of the earth, which is not ours. We *must* read that paper, even though it be by the light of mountain dawns, or the fading splendor of ocean twilights.

Watch Mexico! Here is the next place where "the acid test" is to be applied. For weeks now our newspapers have been filled with propaganda directed, straight as an arrow to its mark, toward war between the United States and the republic south of the Rio Grande. While the Great War was on, Mexico seemed to be getting along very well. But now that attention is released from Europe, the usual tales of disorders and atrocities are instantly beginning to appear. It is wretched business, this deliberate attempt to embroil two friendly peoples! That there are troubles in Mexico, there can be no doubt, but there can also be no doubt that there are better ways of meeting them than the easy and dreadful expedient of war. If it were not for the fact that "somebody" wants war, for reasons not stated, the whole situation could be cleared up by peaceful measures. Again we say, Watch Mexico! It is on this border that liberals should today stand guard!

We have looked in vain for comment upon what is to us the most significant thing which has come out of Germany since the armistice. We refer to the extraordinary succession of offers which have been made by distinguished German leaders to substitute themselves for the Kaiser in the impending trial in London. The royal, or ex-royal, princes, the ex-Chancellor Von Bethmann-Hollweg, Hindenburg, Tirpitz—all these have volunteered to take the place of their sovereign liege, and suffer in his stead. What more astounding spectacle has been witnessed in modern times, and what clearer revelation given of the tragedy of Germany! For these ideas of immolation for the protection and greater glory of a sacred king, belong not to this present day, but to the darkness of the Middle Ages, or even to that greater darkness of early tribal barbarism. The Germans, in their relations to the state, would seem to be living centuries behind the rest of the world. In no other modern country, at least, unless it be oriental Japan, could such a drama of official sacrifice be enacted. In such an event as this do we have the explanation, as it were, of the hecatombs of German dead in the Great War, of the lusty hymn-singing of German troopers on the eve of battle, of the invocations to "unser Gott." And in all these phenomena together—so reminiscent of Old Testament narratives—do we witness the almost miraculous consequence of systematic militaristic education. Benjamin Kidd, in his posthumous book, *The Science of Power,* is right in his allegation that education, systematically and efficiently applied, can do any evil, or good, with any people, in the space of a single generation.

As the stories of lynchings, race riots in Washington, Chicago and elsewhere come pouring in, we find ourselves wondering what would happen if stories of similar occurrences should be coming to us from Moscow, say, or Mexico City. Nay, do we need to won-

der; for do we not know, from long and painful experience, exactly what takes place when reports of occasional disorder come from localities of this kind? Immediately there is an outcry that anarchy is rampant, much talk about outrages and atrocities, and an hysterical "for-God's-sake" appeal for intervention! Why, if the evidence which is used in this country as argument for armed interference by America in the domestic affairs of other peoples—Russia, or Mexico, for example!—if this evidence were used against ourselves, we would find our soil invaded at a dozen different points by armies sent from abroad to restore order to a nation incapable of governing itself! Take the list of outrages in Mexico during recent years, recently submitted to the Senate by Senator Fall. No one can take this list lightly; it constitutes a melancholy exhibition of violence. But suppose that we compare this list with the list of lynchings perpetrated in the United States in recent years, as submitted to the New York Anti-Lynching Conference. What is there to choose between them? With what grace can we complain of the offences committed by followers of Carranza, when we are forced to survey such horrors in our own country as the regular order of the day? The old adage about "glass houses" still holds true. We are a lawless and cruel people; and it ill behooves us to play the mentor to any other people on the face of the earth.

Where is there to be found a clearer intellect today than that of Bertrand Russell? As one reads *Why Men Fight, Political Ideals,* and the last book, *Proposed Roads to Freedom,* one marvels at the clearness of insight, the lucidity of style, the mastery of understanding and sympathy, which characterize this Englishman. Is it his long training as a mathematician which has given him this easy grasp of knowledge and simple power of expression? And what secret of genius or discipline is it, which has enabled him to maintain such poise of intellect and emotion, amid the sweeping storms of the war which have engulfed us all, and especially the floods of hatred and persecution which have beaten upon him personally? Now and again there appears a passage, like the closing two pages of *Why Men Fight,* which reveal the passion with which, like other men, he is not unacquainted. But such blaze of emotion is used not as a torch to enkindle and consume his own soul, but as a beaming light to show the way to other men through darkness. Bertrand Russell is a worthy successor to men of the John Stuart Mill and John Morley type. He preserves the best traditions of that just thought and disciplined emotion which constitute one of England's most precious gifts to modern times. Why are such men so rare in America?

Announcements have recently come to hand of the forthcoming meeting of the Unitarian General Conference at Baltimore, on October 14-18th next. This assemblage, gathered in the Maryland city in recognition of the centennial anniversary of the famous "Baltimore Sermon" preached by William Ellery Channing at the ordination of Rev. Jared Sparks, and in celebration therefore of one hundred years of Unitarianism in America, should be a great and memorable occasion. Preparations to this end at least are being made by the Council under the chairmanship of Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham, who occupies the Channing pulpit in Boston, and enthusiastic response from Unitarians throughout the nation is confidently expected. William Howard Taft, President of the Conference, will be in attendance, and speak. The sermon of the occasion will be preached by the distinguished Unitarian clergyman of London, Rev. Henry Gow. An address is promised by William Wallace Fenn, formerly of Chicago, now Dean of the Harvard Divinity School, a great teacher all too seldom heard at gatherings of this kind. In addition to the five-days session at Baltimore, a special three-days' session is to be held at Charleston, S. C., October 19-21st, in celebration of the centennial anniversary of the Unitarian Church (founded 1817) in that city. All things considered, this is perhaps the most notable meeting which has ever been held by the General Conference in all its history. Rejoicing over past events—the century of Unitarianism, to say nothing of the end of the War and the return of peace—will be sure to turn the eyes of all attendants backward. Will they also turn forward into the future? Will any speak as great a prophetic word in 1919 as Channing spoke at a much less notable occasion in 1819? Our times are infinitely greater than his, their need more deep, their challenge more august! Whether the Unitarians have any real vitality, or are the mere reflection of former glory, will be sure to be revealed.

As one walks the blazing city streets these summer days, one thinks of Emerson's quiet passage in his *Self-Reliance,* "I like the silent church before the service begins, better than any preaching." No haven is so cool, so refreshing, as the open sanctuary, with its dark shadows and brooding atmosphere of worship. One needs no mystic soul to understand the influence of such environment. Even he who comes to scoff, turns away to wonder and perhaps to prayer. There is sound psychology, after all, behind or underneath these churches. It is no superstition which has reared altars in times modern as well as ancient. Man needs such scenes as these, just as, in other moods, he needs the mountains or the open sea. And wise are those churches which fling wide their portals, on week-days when there is no service and sermon, as

well as on Sunday, for all who will to enter in. Our Catholic and Episcopalian friends here have advantage of the liberals. They have unfailingly beautiful buildings, and they know how to share them with other people.

John Morris Evans, Minister, All Souls Church, Chicago

The coming of Rev. John Morris Evans of Dayton, Ohio, to All Souls Church is an event of great importance, not only for this church and Abraham Lincoln Centre, but also for Chicago, and for the larger interests of liberal and democratic religion everywhere. Mr. Evans has behind him a notable record of efficient and consecrated service; he would seem to be a man peculiarly expressive of the ideals which dominated the life, for so many wonderful years, of Jenkin Lloyd Jones. So far as anything can be foretold in this world, the choice of Mr. Evans to serve as successor to Mr. Jones is wholly wise, and gives fine promise for the future of the work which is now transferred from the one man to the other.

Mr. Evans was born at Aberdare, Glamorganshire, Wales, in 1877. Like Mr. Jones, therefore, Mr. Evans is a Welshman and has all the virile energy and genius characteristic of this race. His parents came to the United States when he was three years of age, and settled in Scranton, Pa. He received his early education in the night schools of this city and later on attended the Scranton Business College, and Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa. He then went to England and studied successively at Oxford University and at Paris. He began his work as a Christian minister in an English Church in Wales, the Memorial Baptist Church, Builth, Wells, Breconshire, Wales, where he was ordained in 1903. Shortly thereafter he was called to the ministry of the Kings Street Baptist Church, Abertillery, Monmouthshire, where he remained five years. While here he was closely associated with radical social reformers and was active in the early work leading to the organization of the British Labor Party. In his parish he gave much of his energy to the building up of institutional work along progressive modern lines, which remains today as a vital factor in the community life. One of the young laymen, who co-operated with Mr. Evans in this work, is now a member of the British Commission on Industrial Relations; and another is a leading influence in the Council of the Miners' Federation. Mr. Evans's classes in economics, psychology, ethics, civics, trade unionism, literature, and world religions, gave to the church a remarkable influence in Abertillery, and prepared many young men for study at the Labor Colleges in Oxford and in London. Already, at this time also, he was turning to the more liberal aspects of Christian thought and was known as radical in his theology.

At the climax of his work in this church, Mr. Evans suffered a break-down in health, and for over a year sought recovery in travel, which brought him to America. He decided to remain here, and after he had recovered his health entered upon some special work under the late Professor Walter Rauschenbusch, at Rochester, N. Y. In due season he accepted an invitation to the pulpit of the Baptist Church at Lowville, New York, where he remained four years. A colleague of Mr. Evans in Lowville, Dr. Earnshaw, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in the town, has borne testimony that his pastorate "marks a chapter of large significance in the history of Lowville." It was characterized by an unflinching teaching of liberal theology, a bold interpretation of social problems, and a passionate intensity of spiritual conviction. No preaching like Mr. Evans's had ever been known before in Lowville and its neighborhood, and it was made possible only by the eloquence of the minister's speech, the transparent sincerity of his thought, and the noble and unselfish devotion of the man himself. There could be no denying of this brave prophet of truth and justice. Rapidly and surely he found his way as a dominant, transforming influence into the lives of the people; a distinguished citizen of Lowville, a Judge of the District Court, testifies that Mr. Evans led the church and town through an intellectual reconstruction into a new and modern world. In the community at large, Mr. Evans was always the strongest force; his most notable achievement was the organization of a series of community meetings, in which he was able to mobilize the whole community, Catholics and Protestants alike, in a great work of civic fellowship and social progress. It is not surprising that when he went away he left behind him, to quote Dr. Earnshaw again, "A deep realization of privation and loss, a sense of disruption and severance, a feeling of sincere gratification that he was to labor in a larger field."

Mr. Evans left Lowville in 1916 to accept a call to the Unitarian Church of Dayton, Ohio. He came to this church at the suggestion and on the recommendation of Rev. Harvey D. Brown, associate minister with Rev. John Haynes Holmes of the Community Church of New York, who had known him in connection with his social activities. Mr. Evans took up his work in Dayton with great vigor, stressing from the first three lines of activity. At the start he emphasized the preaching of thorough-going spiritual radicalism, and was rewarded by having his audience increase more than 20 per cent above any previous average. Secondly, he organized a series of church "At Homes," which stamped the church at once as a center of democratic life. Thirdly, he un-

dertook to hitch up his church with the social work of the city by placing each and every member at some specific task of service. The result was a complete revitalization of the church in every department. It is pleasant to note that in spite of his Unitarian affiliation, Mr. Evans has returned each summer, during the past three years, to his old Baptist Church in Lowville, where crowded congregations always greet him.

Mr. Evans is the author of a book entitled "The Conflict in Christian Beliefs," published in 1908. This volume was an outgrowth of the "New Theology" movement in England. The distinguished Dr. John Clifford of London describes it as a book calculated "to render worthy service to many," and Prof. Ornley commends it as "a masterly epitome of the best modern scholarship."

Mr. Evans goes to All Souls Church in the prime of physical and mental vigor, endowed with rich experience, consecrated to the service of the best ideals of modern, liberal religion. His whole career is one attuned to the note which his precedessor, Mr. Jones, sounded so nobly for so many years in Chicago. By birth, training, character, genius, he would seem to be a clergyman uniquely selected for the high and honorable succession at Abraham Lincoln Centre. Happy was the day which saw the conjunction of this man and this institution! J. H. H.

Returning Aliens and Cheap Land

"Go west, young man, go west!" was the cry of Horace Greeley. To the hordes of Europeans, driven out of their native homes by economic, political, military and religious tyranny, the Americans of two generations ago pointed to our vast prairies, and urged them away beyond the crowded cities of the east. "Go west," they cried, to the incoming aliens. And some went west, far west, and peopled the great areas beyond the Mississippi. Now, it is the alien who cries, "Go east, young and old, man and woman and child, go east!" What a change in emigration is this! And to take place in so short a time. What has happened? The cry of the alien to go east does not mean an inclination on his part to return to the cities of our eastern states. No alien seems to be urging his fellow to seek other employment in our land. Indeed, there is no inclination manifested by the alien to remain here any longer than is necessary for the getting of a passport and space upon a ship which will take him back to—Europe, of all places. Back to Europe—when "labor was never so scarce and wages at their highest level," as we are told, in this land of vast natural resources. It is an amazing state of affairs. This change of migratory habit, at such a time, seems like a violation of the laws of nature. Humming-birds do not go north at winter-time, nor do herds leave fields of abundance for places where food is scarce. Yet our aliens wish to leave us and return to Europe.

Few people seem to know the gravity of this matter. The readers of UNITY are, however, aware of this problem, for it has been dealt with in several articles in recent issues. Further information now comes to us in the magazines published by the National City Bank of New York, and the seriousness of the movement of returning aliens is presented in the following statement:

> It is estimated that a million foreign-born and alien residents of this country will go to Europe as fast as transportation becomes available and they are permitted to go. At present the demand is so great that the United States government, while necessarily letting aliens go on the passports of their own diplomatic representatives here, are issuing permits to naturalized American citizens to go back to Europe only when some necessary reason is given. . . Experts of the U. S. Labor Department say that throughout the ranks of European-born labor there are hundreds of thousands who have saved the wages of war-industry and are now determined to go back, to Italy, to Hungary and to Russia, where they have been informed they can buy land cheap. They intend to go and stay.

This seems to be a very startling situation, and the feeling it inspires in an old-fashioned American is not one of pride. It comes rather in the nature of a rebuke, one no true citizen of this country can afford to ignore. The fact is, we have been found out in our vaunting: our rhetorical promise now proves to be mere verbiage to cover reactionary practice. These aliens were told they would find in America liberty and peace; they have, however, found tyranny and militarism; where they were told they would find social amenities they have found only too often race hatred and oppression; where they were told they would find cheap land, they have found as iniquitous a system of landordism growing up as that of England. So they wish after a trial of our "modern" institutions to shake the dust of the States from their feet and try their luck once more in lands now suffering from hunger and revolution. "They intend to go and stay" in the countries from which they fled—thinking to escape forever the tyrannous systems of Europe. It is a mortal blow struck at our hospitality.

Later reports given in the publications of the National City Bank reveal a critical development of this state of affairs. In the month of May the total departures of returning aliens was 26,812. They averaged 1,000 per day in June. Director Stewart of the Investigation and Inspection Services of the Department of Labor states that approximately 1,300,000 aliens are planning to return to Europe. Up to June 1st it was estimated by Director Stewart that 35 per cent of the Russians, 34 per cent of the Slovaks, 28 per cent of the Austro-Hungarians, 22 per cent of the Croatians, 15 per cent of the Poles, and 11 per cent of the Italians and Greeks are seeking to return to their country.

Is there not room enough for them in our land? Is there not warmth enough in our hearts to make them

welcome? What is the matter with our country and our people? Our prairies are not arid. The fertility of our plains has not yet been tested. Are our people devoid of amiability and good-fellowship? Not at all. Our people are genial, they are good comrades. Many were aliens themselves. What then can be the real difficulty, which lies at the root of this problem? For it cannot be the attraction of cheap land in strife-stricken Europe which draws them away? That alone cannot be the reason. The desire to assist and see friends and relatives is reasonable, but we are told "they intend to go and stay."

May not this be the reason for so great an exodus: That certain prosperous panicky persons, not of great numbers, have in recent years, under extraordinary conditions, arrogated to themselves powers which certain European governments exercised? These autocratic powers, inquisitorial, repressive and vindictive, have been exerted upon alien people in our land, to the point of destroying every inclination most of them had of remaining and settling in our midst as American citizens? This seems to me a valid reason for the rush of aliens from our shores; and this reason, coupled with the fact of their being able to get land cheaper in Europe, is sufficient to explain the problem of the returning alien.

What a preposterous thing it is to say land will be cheaper in Europe than here. Yet, absurd as the statement seems, if it be not wholly true at this time, there is great probability that in half the continent of Europe the people will shortly have broken down the barriers of land monopoly and destroyed feudal landlordism, and with it, speculative land value.

Here are two primary reforms which should engage the attention of our true Americans: first, the land question; the other, the alien question. Reform the first and we reform the other. Give the alien of our day the same chance to get at the land which the alien of Horace Greeley's day had, and he will stay and become one of us. Reform the land system, and we shall reform the tyrannical societies which now cause depopulation out of existence. In reforming the land system we shall make a strong move to return to first principles. Our principles were first principles. Deportation, molestation, raids, agents' provocations, industrial spies and cabals are foreign to our principles. All these abominations are practices of European governments of a past that is as dead as Lucretia Borgia.

The returning alien leaves behind a challenge. It is for the American people to assert themselves, and demand the speedy restoration of our free institutions. When once more our gates are open to the alien, let us be sure he will find freedom and independence restored to us all, and that there will be every economic, political and social reason for his remaining in our midst. FRANCIS NEILSON.

CONTRIBUTED

The Problem of the Church in Religion

Two views of religion are operative today—religion as an adventure and religion as a reminiscence. As a reminiscence religion is docile, its philosophy is a chewing of historic cud, and its ideology is an epic of retreat. As an adventure religion is dynamic and creative. The four functions of mind which hold the attention of leaders today are: to know, to feel, to resolve, and to create. Creativeness is the assertion of personality. Its significance does not consist so much in newness as in sincerity. In this creative and adventurous sense religion is the will to live in the terms of spiritual values. It aims at the extension of all frontiers in the interest of life. It is disturbant because it insists on opportunity for continuous initiative for each and every person. Here, too, is the soul of democracy.

The values of creative religion are qualitative, while those of reminiscent religion are quantitative. Reminiscent religion appropriates and accumulates. Preservation by possession is its leading incentive, and it crystalizes into cults, dogma and denominationalism. It marks the transition from the formative process to control of finished products. Creative religion opens new roads, fashions new lenses, develops new technologies because it liberates into deliverance, deliverance into life, the life more abundant. It lives by faith, hope, love and a divine audacity; while reminiscent religion lives by reverence, memory, and safety first.

Holding this in mind it is well to recall that society is passing from the atmosphere of the book into the presence of persons. As a result, it is in the act of inventing a new science and a new art—the science of mental energetics and the art of spiritual synthesis.

One might also say that the ferment felt today is the will to live in the terms of spiritual values beating upon the hard frontiers of possessive privilege. It is the upthrust of new hope, new courage, new passion against the crust of repressive custom, sectarianism, dogma and conformity. Even the industrial unrest is not something manufactured by agitators, but it produces them. It is the rebellion of the spirit of democracy, the will to extend limitations in the interest of life, against the despotic organization of privilege in industry.

What, now, is the chance or opportunity of the church? It must recognize that right and wrong are determined not by the past but by a purpose affecting the future. The guarantees of our Godward endeavors are residential and not locked up in ancient history. Most of our fears and failures are the result of unused capital.

The church must also give up the ghostly assumption which supposes that justice and truth and love can be worked out apart from the actual working world. To launch the soul forward it must acquire skill in valuing survivals, in discerning tendencies and in selecting initiatives. But there is no ritual of short cuts. The task is architectonic. For civilization is not a state but a high-tension process. And the church must realize that it cannot go on much longer spending its energies to maintain a fixed status in a living and growing world of persons.

To lead as well as direct, the church in this new day that is coming out of the night must speak up coherently in advance. It must function as a clearing-house of outlooks, ever mindful that every variant is a pioneer, and that every endeavor which has upon it the slanting morning sunbeam carries its own asepsis. Only thus can it provide the steering capacity of organized intelligence.

The problem of the church is to organize the means for freeing and guiding the new fuel of fellowship and the will to live. And that calls for a muscular adventure to integrate life. Dare we match our souls with the problem? Are we capable of a concerted movement through the anarchy of transition which will not only pluck out some of the thorns of greed from the social flesh, but which can take and carry the theme through in the world's symphony of justice? We can if we will. We can erect an institution of the free spirit which will stand for our power, for our knowledge of how to do things, for our social sense, for our belief in each other, and for our capacity to underwrite the great enterprise of leadership in creative religion. Only thus can we provide the condition in which the we-feeling of democracy can function, make hope shine upon the tears of grief, and save the church and the nation from again forgetting that it takes two men to make a brother.

JOHN MORRIS EVANS.

"Men Without a Country"

The Present Condition of the People of India

During the Civil War in America (in the year 1863) the Rev. Edward Everett Hale of Boston wrote a story entitled "A Man Without a Country," which has probably had a wider reading than any other work of fiction ever written by an American author, unless we may possibly except Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The story professes to be the history of a man (an American) who, because of some indignity which he had shown to his country's flag, is sentenced to spend his life on board a ship, sailing about the world but never permitted to set foot upon or see his native land, or to receive any news from it in any way. The punishment proves to be almost unbearable. As a fact he has always loved his country and his love of it grows as the years of his banishment multiply, and to be cut off from it, to feel that he alone of all the men he meets has no flag, no home land, no nation that he can serve or call his own, but must be an alien, a wanderer, an outcast until he dies, creates in him a sense of loneliness, isolation and pain that is almost crushing.

Not only was the book extensively circulated during the Civil War, but ever since it has been widely read in the schools of the land to teach patriotism. During the recent war its circulation was promoted to an enormous extent by various patriotic societies and by the government, so strong and almost universal was the feeling among all loyal Americans, that every human being in the world should have a country, to call his own, to love and to serve.

But do Americans know that there are in India 315,000,000 of civilized people who really have no country, whose country has been taken from them, who are allowed to have no flag but one that is alien, no laws but those made by strangers whose home is in a distant part of the earth, and no government but one of foreigners? India "belongs" to Great Britain, not to its own people, because Great Britain has conquered it and holds it, not by any principle of right, but by the might of the sword. King George of faraway England claims to be "Emperor of India" and in his proclamations he says, "My Indian Empire."

Think of this, Americans! More than three times as many civilized people as there are in the United States deprived of the control of their own country! treated as aliens and outcasts in the land of their birth, in the land possessed by their fathers and their fathers' fathers from time immemorial! How would we like to have King George or any other foreign king add to his title "Emperor of the United States of America," and in his proclamation speak of this country as "My American Empire"!

Here we have exactly the Indian situation today. Can we wonder that the Indian people are protesting against the wrong of being compelled to be "men without a country"? For thousands of years they had a country which they ruled themselves, giving to the world some of its most eminent men, some of its most renowned literature and art, one of its greatest civilizations. Why should they not demand the right to rule themselves again? Is it declared that they are not fit? Where is the proof of their unfitness? There is none. They were fit to rule themselves before the British came: Why not now? King George III and Lord North declared that the American colonies were not fit to rule themselves in 1776. It is what government holding subject peoples in their power always declare.

The truth is, no nation can rule another, against its will, successfully, that is, without terrible failures and terrible wrongs. See what a failure Britain's rule of Ireland has been and what wrongs it has caused; yet Ireland is a land close at hand, and peopled by men of the same kith and kin with their British rulers. Britain's rule of India has been no more successful, if we judge by its effects upon the Indian people; and the wrongs India has suffered have been far greater than those of Ireland. England found India one of the richest lands in the world—probably the very richest; it was the vast wealth of the land that attracted her there. Since British rule began the Indian people have become impoverished and famine smitten beyond any other nation in the world, and the government has neglected education more persistently than in almost any other land. And where is there any prospect of a change for the better until India can rule herself, and thus have power to use for her own benefit, her revenues, which are now so largely appropriated by her rulers to maintain their armies, to exploit the country in England's interest, and to pay the fat salaries and pensions of a foreign government—a government the most expensive in the world.

India has had a great past. Her leading people are a proud race. The humiliation, the disgrace, the sense of bitter wrong that they feel at being robbed of their country, is intense and grows deeper every year. Add to this their impoverishment, the control of all their taxes and their material resources by a foreign power, and the constant draining away of their wealth to enrich that power, and we see what justification there is for the demand which is rising like a tide in all parts of India and among absolutely all classes of the people, for liberation from their

bondage, for freedom to make their own laws, to expend their own revenues for their own welfare, and to shape their own national life.

This is not saying that India is demanding separation from the British Empire. Some of the Indian people are; but many are not. Indeed, a majority are willing and even desirous to remain in the Empire, provided they can remain as citizens and not as helots, remain on terms of equality with the free portions of the Empire, that is to say, provided they can have the protection which would be afforded by self-rule in the home affairs of their nation, as have Canada, Australia and South Africa. This will give them content. Nothing else will.

Are they not right in their demand? Could Americans respect them if they demanded anything less? Will we give them our sympathy and our moral support in the noble struggle upon which they have entered? And will not the better England, that England that loves liberty and hates tyranny, rally to their support, and see that justice is done them, before they are driven, in desperation, and as a last resort, to bloodshed and open rebellion?

After a war, unprecedented in magnitude, fought to give freedom and the *right* of self-determination to subject nations, surely the world should no longer permit its second largest nation numbering more than 300,000,000 of civilized people, to remain "Men without a country."

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Eugene Debs

I have not met Eugene Debs since, thirty-five years ago, he was a member of the Indiana Legislature from Terre Haute. I do not remember that I ever agreed with him on any question, social or political, and twenty-five years ago I strongly disapproved of his management in the Pullman strike. Yet I have reason to believe that James Whitcomb Riley was right in ascribing to him

> As warm a heart as ever beat
> Betwixt here and the judgment seat.

So long as Debs is in jail for voicing his opinions, the rest of us are in a degree stopped from expressing ours. The limits to free speech are stated in the Constitution and no local court is commissioned as censor of opinions.

It may be true, as is claimed, that Debs in prison makes more converts to Socialism than he ever made when at large. But that is not the point. Our plea is not for more converts to any cause whatever; we want simply free air. There is no road to justice and peace that does not lead through freedom.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

THE CUP.

> I can not die who drink delight
> From the cup of the crescent moon,
> And hungrily, as men eat bread,
> Love the scented nights of June.
>
> The rest may die—but is there not
> Some shining, strange escape for me,
> Who found in Beauty the bright wine
> Of immortality?

Harpers Magazine. —*Sara Teasdale.*

THE STUDY TABLE

"The Village"

In "The Village" Ernest Poole did vital service for Russia. He helped us to understand her. He put something into our tenuous imaginations which see in Russia no points in common with the revolutions in the histories—see only the blunders and the use of force, and not the ideal and the new experiment in government.

The sectional and unimaginative sense of our own period Ernest Poole goes far toward challenging by merely leading us into Russia, not to the towns where they "talk, talk, talk," but to the villages and the country, where he shows us the heart of some of the 180,000,000 who make Russia.

And do we find them talking glibly about sharing all the wealth, as the accounts would have us believe? Some of them, doubtless. But some of them are talking passionately about tractors. The ultimate dream on the land seems to be of tractors. The school teacher says:

> "I tell you, when that great steel horse comes up the river on a barge, it will cause such excitement here that all thought of rioting will disappear. Even now I can shut my eyes and see that mighty engine forging along the river banks, plowing not only the arable soil but also opening up new fields by tearing through bushes and small trees. And I see the silent peasants watch, with a deep excitement in their eyes. We must not be too eager to show we wish to help them—no benefactor poses here. Not until they come and ask shall we offer to plow their land. We shall charge them exactly what it costs. Then we shall say: 'Why don't you save your money instead of paying us. It is good business, brothers. Gather your neighbors and raise a fund and buy an engine just like ours.' So we shall spread co-operative groups, and meanwhile we shall work out a plan of farming the land in common. The main danger will come from Berlin. The Germans will never leave us alone, for their rulers know that if they allow us to grope our way through darkness now, we shall reach a day of freedom so splendid and dazzling that it will flood Europe like the Sun, and autocracy will slink from the earth."

And this from a peasant with whom Mr. Poole talked:

> "I tell you, I must be sure of my land. . . As it is, I do not own the farm. It is mine perhaps for twenty years, but it is owned by the village. And that is very bad for me. . . ." Then, all at once, his small blue eyes flashed out, as if he had seen the promised land. "Once I went to Petrograd," he said in a low, eager tone. "I went there by railroad. And I thought to myself: 'Suppose that we had forty plows all dragged by such an engine as this, how we should cut through the virgin soil.' I hear that in America they have a machine that plows and harrows all at once." He was silent, and then drew a hungry breath. "And what machines they have for farms."

At a village play, one of the old Otrovosky classics, Mr. Poole is struck by the fact that the people demand no "punch" in their plays—simply the delighted interest in the characters themselves.

> No little Evas. No Legrees and floating ice-cakes. These Russian peasant players were giving a picture of country life simply and profoundly real—and the audience was satisfied. For a time I lost the drift of the play, and sat there in the darkness, watching the rows of faces and those shining, motionless eyes. . . . I remembered the war. It seemed far away. So, too, the revolution. I was down in the deep waters of Great Russia's mighty life. . . I thought of my country and Russia, of how it would be if they were friends. . . . I thought of their villages and ours—of all that we could get from each other.

Then he talks with a village priest. And this is how his parish solved the problem presented by the dis-

establishment of the church and the separation of church and school:

"The Ministray of Education had announced that it would soon take away from the church its 35,000 parish schools and manage them like all the rest. No compulsory teaching of God's word. He called his people together and they decided by a vote of 200 to 17 that if God's word was not taught, they would not send their children to school. So then I said: 'But if the Government supports our church, what of the other religious sects? Shall Lutherans and Polish Catholics and Mohammedans and Jews all be supported by the state?'

Then without standing up, an old peasant cried:

"The money that the government spends is nothing but our taxes. We must not waste it foolishly. And so in each village the people must meet and choose what church they want the most. Then let us support that church but no others. It would cost too much to have four or five religions here."

So much for the heart of a peasant—and for the beginnings of the Russian community church.

The priest continues:

"Already our Russian priests are beginning to drop the unnatural voice that was used in conducting the service. Now every word must be understood. We shall have a hard enough time as it is to make clear the connection between the new free Russia and the reorganized Church of Christ. . . . The stories of the saints, who were the first pioneers, must be told in church and linked with the names of Edison, Cartwright, Pasteur and many modern pioneers."

And again:

"Another good thing in the revolution is that it has set free all religions. The Orthodox church and the Old Believers, Catholics, Lutherans, Buddhists, Mohammedans, Jews all have their chance. They have much that we can learn. . . . Christ, the great brother, preached joy and not gloom. The gloom was a trick of our government for the purpose of keeping the people down."

I know of no more inspiring bit of educational propaganda than Chapter V of this book, which pictures a school teacher and his work in a little Russian community. In blouse and sandals he is, and he tells of his co-operative beehive association, the peasants putting in a rouble apiece; then co-operative orchards and gardens which he started, lectures on better farming to the parents, and then his dream of a large school, and how he built it, the fund growing rouble by rouble, then at last the building came. Religious instruction in the most enlightened spirit, from the town special instructors coming twice a week to teach singing, drawing, gymnastics, French and German. In the basement two peasants, a blacksmith and a carpenter, taught the boys. "And then they played a joke on me." For he had built a school so large that the authorities decided that it required a university man!

Mr. Poole found him now ready to start all over again in a smaller place, this time to have no shops in his school, but to take his pupils about to shops to learn—to weavers, and plumbers, and basket weavers, and printers, and the women, too, to homes for cooking, for lace making, for whatever they wished and could get. "How stupid it is to teach only with books."

The teacher is greatly excited by what Mr. Poole tells him of the Gary school.

"That's it. It's the school of life. What a wonderful thing to hear that men in other lands have been traveling along the right road."

And then, with a hungry gleam in his eyes:

"I wonder how long it would take me to read English. I must read about their work myself—not articles, whole books about it—and the manuals that the teachers themselves use."

And when Mr. Poole suggested to him that the plan be international and that he himself put in a few hundred roubles and become a partner in the school, the teacher sprang up and gripped his hand and cried:

"This is the last stone we need. I have already talked to two other peasants and they will come in. . .

"If I were an American I would say: 'By the love of Christ and liberty, these Russians shall be made our friends. By our deeds we will make them understand.' The German agents tell us here: 'The Americans are money hogs. They have joined with England to build a world power.' They want to crush your revolution so that their millionaires may be free to go on looting mankind. So we in Russia say to you: 'Be patient, friendly, careful, kind. Think long and hard, but not too slowly; plan your deeds and then act like men. You must act in such a way that you will make us understand that you are our brothers, with no wish to interfere with our will to be free. Brothers of liberty you must be. . . .'"

One wonders what now that village school teacher must be thinking.

And at the last he says:

"In this village, I watch the people. I see them pass along the road. I look down on the river—the boats go by. And I feel a deep strong power here. It is the power of daily life. . . . It is like a vast reservoir containing all that men and women have done by day and night for a thousand years—what they have wanted, hoped and dreamed. And this is what we must build on."

I wrote a note to Ernest Poole, and asked him what progress had been made in helping the school master and his group toward their dream of the farm school. He replied that he had been able to send a thousand dollars to Tarasov, but that in the confusion and under the censorship he had not been able to keep in touch with the school's progress. It is his hope that when the time comes, some individuals or organization will show practical good will and brotherhood by raising a fund and sending it for the starting of some such farm school. If by now appealing to a few big-visioned people such a fund should be started, to be ready when Russia is ready to take it, Mr. Poole obviously knows the practical school men and farm men who can administer it so that every rouble will count.

ZONA GALE.

COMPENSATION.

Across my window glass
The moving shadows of the people pass.
Sometimes the shadows glide along the hall
And neighbors come to call,
Bringing a word or smile
To cheer my loneliness a little while.
But as I hear them talk,
These people who can walk
And go about the great green earth at will,
I wonder if they know the joy of being still,
And all alone with thoughts that soar afar—
High as the highest star.
And oft I feel more free
Than those who travel over land and sea.
For one who is shut in—
Away from all the strife and din,
With faithful Pain for guide
Finds where great truths abide.

Across my window glass
The moving shadows pass,
But swifter moves my unimpeded thought—
Speeding from spot to spot
Out and afar—
High as the highest star.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

DECLARATION OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE MIND.

Workers of the mind, companions scattered across the world, separated for five years by the armies, the censorship, and the hate of nations at war—now when the barriers are falling and frontiers re-opening we appeal to you to re-establish our brotherhood (fraternity)—a new brotherhood stronger and more enduring than the old.

The war threw our ranks into disorder. Most of the intellectuals put their learning, their art, their reason, at the service of their governments. We do not wish to accuse or reproach anyone. We know the weakness of individuals and the elemental force of the great mass currents which swept all before them in an instant because no means of resistance had been foreseen. May the experience at least profit us in the future!

First of all let us mark to what disasters the almost complete abdication of the intelligence of the world and its servitude to the forces rampant in the world have led. To the curse which is gnawing Europe in body and in soul the thinkers and artists have added an incalculable sum of poisoned hate; in the arsenals of their learning, memory and imagination they have sought old and new reasons, historical, scientific, logical and political reasons, for hating; they have worked to destroy understanding and love among men. And in so doing they have debased and degraded thought, vilified it and made it ugly—thought, whose representatives they were. They have made it the instrument of the passions and (perhaps unconsciously) of the selfish interests of a political or social clan, of a state, a country, or a class. And today thought emerges from this savage struggle whence all the nations, victors or vanquished, emerge bruised, impoverished, and in the bottom of their hearts—though they do not admit it—ashamed and humiliated by their fit of madness—thought emerges compromised in their battles and with them debased.

Arise! Let us free Mind from these humiliating alliances, these hidden servitudes. The mind is servant of nothing. It is we who are servants of the mind. We have no other master. We are made to carry and defend the Light, to rally about it all those who have gone astray. Our role, our duty is, in the midst of the tornado of passions, to keep a steady balance, in the darkness, to point out the north star. We make no choice among these passions of pride and mutual destruction; we reject them all. We honor only truth, truth free, without frontiers or limits, without prejudices of race or class. Assuredly we are not indifferent to Mankind. For it we work, but for *all* mankind. We do not recognize peoples. We recognize only the People—one, universal, the People who suffer, who struggle, who fall and arise, and who advance steadily on the rough road drenched with their own sweat and blood—the People of all men, all alike our brothers. And above their blind combats, in order that they, like us, may become conscious of this brotherhood we raise the Ark of the Covenant—the free Mind, one and many, eternal.

Signed by twenty French artists and writers, among them Henri Barbusse, Georges Duhamel, and Romain Rolland; five Germans, including Professor Nicolai and Heinrich Mann; Stefan Zweig of Austria; Ellen Key and Selma Lagerlof of Sweden; Sophus Michaelis of Denmark; Lopez-Pico and Eugenie d'Ore of Catalonia; Professor A. Forel of Switzerland; three representatives of Holland, including Dr. Frederick van Eaden; four Belgians; Bendetto Croce and Roberto Bracco of Italy; Israel Zangwill and Bertrand Russell of England; and Jane Addams of the United States.

This "Declaration of the Independence of the Mind" composed by Romain Rolland, was printed simultaneously in various European countries June 26. Other artists and writers have since sent their adhesions to Rolland—but he says the most interesting, and disappointing, letters, were from some who refused to sign.

I am sending copies of this translation to a number of people and papers in America. LEWIS S. GANNETT.

CHILD WELFARE SPECIAL.

A big gray automobile truck known as the "Child Welfare Special" has just been put into the field by the Children's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor to test the usefulness of the automobile in carrying the message of better babies into rural communities. The truck is completely fitted as a model "well baby clinic" with a Government doctor and nurse in charge to examine children and give mothers advice concerning the care necessary to make and keep them well.

Such advice can be obtained by mothers in towns and cities at children's health centers; but the country woman is usually shut off from such sources of information concerning the proper care of her children. The Children's Bureau car will demonstrate a practical means of bringing education in child care to the doors of mothers who are far from infant welfare stations, and indeed often many miles from doctor or nurse. It is hoped that after a few months in the field a "log" of the car may be put at the service of organizations wishing to operate movable health centers.

The eagerness of rural mothers to gain such help as the Special can give them is demonstrated by the report just received by the Children's Bureau, of the reception given the car at Woodson, Morgan County, Ill., the first stop. In spite of the fact that the threshing season was at its height, the government doctor and nurse were almost overwhelmed with the crowd of mothers, fathers, and babies. Examinations lasted until late into the evening.

"Every mother," writes the Bureau nurse, "was more impressed with the opportunity of learning what, if anything, was wrong with her child than with the novelty of the motorized clinic. One mother who through an error lost her turn on the first day, and waited in vain all through the afternoon to have her children examined, returned on the following evening from her home several miles out in the country, so as not to miss the opportunity afforded by the Special."

The local arrangements for the children's health conferences held in the car are being made by the child welfare committees who were in charge of the Children's Year campaign conducted by the Children's Bureau in co-operation with the Child Conservation Section of the Council of National Defense.

U. S. Department of Labor Children's Bureau, Washington.

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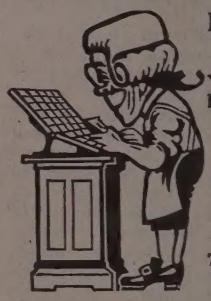

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